

Monday Evening, June 29, 1852.

**THE COMMEMORATIVE CELEBRATION.**—We invite the attention of our readers to the proceedings of the meeting on last Saturday evening relative to celebrating the coming anniversary of our National Independence. It will be seen that a committee of 8 was appointed to make all necessary arrangements to greet with becoming spirit the National Day of our Liberties. It now remains for our citizens to enter into the spirit of the occasion and commemorate in a becoming manner, that day upon which was published to the world that Charter of Rights, which sent terror into the hearts of tyrants and made the rotten despotisms of the old world tremble and fall.

He who, with a slight acquaintance with the history of mankind, sends his mind back over the records of the past, cannot but view with astonishment the mighty results wrought by the simple publication of the Declaration of Independence! Previous to that day the "Divine Right of Kings" was unquestioned, but when oppressed millions heard and felt the joyful tidings that "all men are born free and equal," what mighty political convulsions shook the century existing Dynasties of the world. To America the world was indebted for the emancipation of the human race; and upon the 4th day of July, 1776, the news of man's "inalienable rights" first greeted his ears. Let us never forget the day and its incidents; but laying aside our business, let us meet as free men and commemorate its anniversary.

The Courier des Etats Unis gives an account of a singular escape from death by lightning, which occurred lately in Paris, during a thunder storm which burst over that city. Mr. d'H— was hurrying home to avoid the storm, when he was suddenly surrounded by a shot of light so brilliant that he was enveloped for a moment or two, and his hat fell off. On reaching his home, he found that the electric fluid had passed along his watch chain into his waist coat pocket, shattered a ring, melted up his watch key, and burnt a hole through the bottom of the pocket, carrying off with it a medallion and a little gold key, supposed to have been melted.

**RAILROAD SPIRIT IN NEW ORLEANS.**—The vote was taken throughout the city on the 21st of June, on the proposition to tax real estate in order to raise the sum of three millions six hundred thousand dollars, to be applied towards the construction of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Opelousas Railroad. It was carried by a large majority, and the result was received with the greatest enthusiasm. A salute of 100 guns was fired in honor of the event, and other demonstrations of satisfaction exhibited.

**WILL REMAIN IN OFFICE.**—Mr. Webster, at the solicitation of his friends, it is said, has consented to remain in office until the expiration of President Fillmore's term. He, however, will shortly leave for Mansfield, to spend the summer months, as has been usual with him for many years. Mr. Graham will also continue in office. Gen. Scott will follow the example of Gen. Taylor, by resigning, to take effect in March.

**HON. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.**—The Baltimore Sun speaking of the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency says:—Hon. William A. Graham, the nominee for Vice President, was first known to the nation in 1841, when he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, and served through the memorable XXVth Congress. He was not re-elected, because the Legislature of 1842-3 was of adverse politics. In 1844 he was chosen by the Whigs as their candidate for Governor, and carried the State over an able and popular opponent by 3,153 majority. He was re-elected in 1846 by 7,359 majority and declined a third term, retiring to private life. In 1850, on the accession of Mr. Fillmore, he was called into the Cabinet, to fill the post of Secretary of the Navy, which he still holds.

**FALL OF ROCKS AT NIAGARA.**—We are stated that on Saturday night and Sunday morning, the 19th and 20th of this month, large blocks of the rock near the American Ferry broke off and fell into the river, stirring up considerable additional commotion in the cauldron of seething waters. The falling rock was detached from the under wall of "Point View." Many fine specimens of Gypsum and Micah have been brought to the surface by this phenomenon, and the whole army of explorers for Geological specimens may be seen engaged in the busy pursuit.

**CHOLERA IN TEXAS.**—The cholera is said to be making sad havoc in the vicinity of Rutersville, Texas. Four wagons were recently found dead on the road, having died of cholera, with no one near them to witness their sufferings and death.

**ARKANSAS.**—The Little Rock Gazette, the oldest Democratic paper in Arkansas, has come out against the regular nominee of the party for Governor, Gen. E. N. Conway, and has raised the name of Gen. Bryan W. Smith, as the "Democratic internal improvement candidate."

**A LADY PRIORITIZED TO DEATH.**—The Rockingham (Va.) Register states that Mrs. Dietrich, wife of Mr. Jacob Dietrich, residing near Mt. Crawford, in that county, was frightened to death a few days since. Her little daughter for sport threw a tree frog over her lap, which began jumping up towards her face, and so frightened her that she died in two or three days.

**"GIVE US YOUR HAND—NO DO!"**—Every body hereabouts knows George Whiterell, who for years has been a working man in the Democratic ranks and who had done that pretty good service. On Monday George met a Democratic friend who had just returned from the West and whose first inquiry was: "Well George, how's politics?" George answered, "I'm afraid we'll have to part this time, for I go for Gen. Winfield Scott!" "Do you," shouted his friend, "give us your hand on that, old fellow, so do I."—Cleveland.

In Sacramento on the 5th of May, Samuel B. Weller to M. E. Lanthrop, widow of Capt. A. Lanthrop, U. S. A., both of Coloma.

The Locofoco of New York have had a transparency of Gen. Pierce painted, to grace the front of Tammany Hall, which the Tribune holds up to the light, as follows:— "That compound compromise figure in front of Tammany Hall is as much a puzzle to the masses as the Lombardian's tongue was to the dreaming king. With the legs and feet of a revolutionary soldier, the military mail-clothes the ball-room coat thirty years out of fashion, a sword, (for what no one knows) and a head and face, which the shrewdest physiognomist fails to find a name for, it is an enigma of no common order. The general opinion of it is that the concern is made up of the slaughterer—a leg of Cass, one of Buchanan, the body half Douglas and the other moiety Marcy, with one arm of Lane and the other from Butler, a forefinger extended to represent Dickinson's vote, &c., &c., and over all, the face of Pierce in mingled astonishment and indignation at the fortune of the nomination and the misfortune of his mongrel company.

The Washington Telegraph says:— "General Scott is poor." If he is poor, he must be one of the most extravagant men living. None of our public men have been longer or dearer at the public crib than General Scott. If he is not rich, it is his own fault. Government has paid him enough to enrich half a dozen men of moderate desires.—Pennsylvania of yesterday.

We clip the above from the Pennsylvania of Wednesday, as a specimen of the character of the attacks which we suppose will be made upon Gen. Scott, if the nomination of the Whig party. Let the Pennsylvania go on in the course it has marked for itself. There will be hundreds—yes, thousands of men who served in the year of 1812 and in Mexico, belonging to the party that will rise up in judgment against it, and show their gratitude by supporting their old commander. They will tell it how it comes that Gen. Scott has not enriched himself in the service of his country. They will eagerly bear testimony that he was never ready to open his purse to supply their necessities; and that but for the fact that he always shared his means with those who he led to battle and to victory, he might have been, as the Pennsylvania says, a rich man.

That journal does not know the character of the man whom it so heartlessly maligns. Unlike James Buchanan, its own favorite, he is a man whose heart is in the right place, who would not dishonour his own State, and deny his citizenship, to escape a few dollars school tax, and who would never enrich himself by so doing he would have to withhold relief from the suffering soldier under his command. If he be the candidate, we are content to bleed to death, but let the American people decide whether they agree that he has been sufficiently rewarded for his services. We have no fears that they will fail to put their veto upon the heartless declaration of that journal. Let it continue such assaults, and see how far it will get.—Philadelphia, June 19.

**THE CLEVELAND Plain Dealer** calls upon all the fragments of the "Democracy" to come up to the help of Pierce against the great Chief. It gives the following faithful and descriptive enumeration of the numerous features of that party:—"Young America," "Old Poles," "Barnburners," "Old Hunkers," "Butt Enders," and "the rest of mankind."

It beseeches all of them to subscribe for the Campaign Plain Dealer. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep."—Ait! but will they come! The "Old Poles," "Soft Shells," and "Butt Enders" may respond, but the "rest of mankind" go for the hero of a hundred battles, with a rush and a whoop.—Hurrah!—Furth City.

**A CAUTION TO LONG NOSE SNEELERS.**—We are glad that the Tribunal of Correctional Police in Paris has just tried a singular case. A fish woman at the market was summoned by a lady named Grebuech, to answer for damages done to her nose by one of the fishwoman's lobsters. Madame Grebuech, it seems, wished to treat her husband to something unusual on Ascension day, was bargaining for the lobster in question, but examining it closely, threw it down, declaring that it was not fresh. The dealer insisted that it was alive; which Madame Grebuech denied, and went so far as to say that it smelt bad. To satisfy herself definitely that such was the case, she applied the lobster a second time to her nose, when the crustacean, as if to prove its owner's veracity, seized Mrs. Grebuech's nose with its claws, and gave it an awful nipping. Mrs. Grebuech screamed, and the fishwoman and her friends thought proper to detach the lobster, as the victim was now fully convinced of its freshness. For the injuries sustained, Mrs. Grebuech claimed thirty francs; but the fishwoman maintained that she was not at all to blame, and that the mischief was the lady's own doing, who would put her nose between the lobster's claws when she was told that it was alive. The Tribunal took the same view of the case, and dismissed the complaint, ordering the plaintiff to pay the cost.

**A SIGN OF INTOXICATION.**—A few days ago we heard the following dialogue:—"You think Gen. Scott will be elected then do you?" The reply was—"Well I have not yet seen any other man who thought otherwise. If a fellow should not get very intoxicated, he would be very likely to have some who would vote in his head, about the possibility of beating Scott, or something of that sort, but he would come to his senses again as soon as the effects of the liquor had passed off."

**THE CINCINNATI Sun** reports the fact of a fashionable lady and gentleman driving a splendid carriage to the steamboat landing and spending the night in the vehicle until the driver had gone back to the stable, when by accident he discovered it, and on taking it to the interesting parents, the mother kissed her child, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, I thought we had forgotten something—why in mercy didn't you think of it Harry?"

**SWAMPING.**—Pa. was that man drunk that was talking to you to-day?" asked a little boy of his father a day or two ago. "No, my son, he wasn't drunk," answered the father; "he never drinks liquor; but why do you ask that question?" "Why, he was so; I thought he was drunk, he wore so awful, he used such foul words. The man whom the little boy heard 'swearing' was a lady sober, but that eight year old boy could not understand how a man would allow himself to indulge in so unchristian a practice and yet be in his sober senses—and it is strange.

In New York city a mammoth bath-house has just been put in operation for the promotion of health of the multitude. The Tribune states that during the warm days more than seven hundred persons have bathed daily, the price of a bath being only three cents.

"My dear come in and go to bed just," said the wife of a jolly son of Erion, who had just returned from the fair, in a decently howl, "you must be dreadful tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles 'Arrah! get away with your noseens," said Pat, "it wasn't the length of the way, at all, that fatigued me—twas the breadth of it."

The Pittsburgh Gazette says, put down Allegheny Co. 5000 majority for Scott. That will be about her portion of the 20,000 majority which the Hero of Lundey's Lane will receive in the key-stone State.

## Fourth of July.

At a meeting of the citizens of the city of Lancaster, held at the Court House, on Saturday evening, June 26, for the purpose of taking into consideration the importance of celebrating the coming Anniversary of our National Independence—

On motion, the meeting was organized by the appointment of Dr. G. W. Borsler as Chairman, and Samuel Ewing, Esq., as Secretary.

Dr. G. W. Borsler, upon taking the Chair, announced the object of the meeting in a few brief and appropriate remarks.

Upon motion of A. McVeigh, Esq., the following named persons were appointed as Committee of General Arrangements: A. McVeigh, C. F. Tatje, Capt. P. Devol, O. H. Perry, Samuel Stanbaugh, C. F. Garaghty, Samuel Cannon, M. A. Daugherty.

On motion, said Committee were invested with full power to make all the preliminary arrangements for the celebration.

On motion, it was resolved that the proposed celebration take place on Monday, the 4th.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

GEO. W. BORSLER, Chair.

SAMUEL EWING, Sec.

**THE MASTHEAD WHIRLPOOL.**—The following is from a letter to Judge Woodward of Florida, from a friend traveling in Europe:— "This wonderful phenomenon, which has excited the wonder and astonishment of the world, I have seen. There are few of my countrymen who had the opportunity in consequence of the situation of it being remote from any point of commerce. Its latitude and longitude I do not exactly recollect. It is situated between two islands, belonging to the group off the coast of Norway, called the Lofvinstad Island between Dorthheim and the North Cape. I suppose the latitude to be about 69 north, but will not be certain.

"I had occasion some years ago, to navigate a ship from North Cape to Dorthheim nearly all the way between the island of rocks and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot, about the practicability of running near the whirlpool, he told me that with a good breeze it could be approached near enough for examination without danger. I once determined to satisfy myself. We began to near at about 10 o'clock, A. M., in the month of September, with a fine wind north-west. Two good seamen were placed at the helm, and the mate on quarterdeck, all hands at their station for working ship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit pointing towards the centre, although going eight knots through the water.

"This alarmed me exceedingly; for a moment I thought destruction was inevitable. She however answered her helm sweetly, and we ran along the edge, the waves forming around us in every form, while she was experienced and difficult to describe. Imagine to yourself an immense circle, running around a diameter of one and a half miles; the velocity increasing as it approached towards the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white—foaming, tumbling rushing to the vortex, very much convulsed, as much as the water in a tunnel when half run out, the noise, too, hissing, roaring, almost pressing the wind at once, and presenting the most awful, grand, solemn sight I have ever experienced.

"We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it about two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage that leads the Lord knows where. From its magnitude I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says that several vessels have been sucked down, and that while at once have been destroyed. The first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter.

**INEXHAUSTIBLE ADVERTISING.**—An enterprising trader in New York, has adopted an ingenious mode of advertising, at the amount that he appears to be actuated only by motives of the purest philanthropy. He has stationed individuals, at the hottest time of the day, who presents to every passer by a plan to cool himself with. On each side is pasted an advertisement of the name of the dealer, location of his store, and prices of his goods. What next in the way of acquiring notoriety!

**TRUE.**—Among the resolutions introduced into the Woman's Rights Convention in their recent session at West Chester, Pa., is the following. Legislators are requested to "make a note of it!"

Resolved, That if it be true that it is a woman's province to soothe angry passions and calm the helter-skelter feelings of man, we know of no place where she would find a happier harvest than in her labor in the halls of our National and State legislatures.

**A FACTORY GIRL IN LUCK.**—Some three years since, a poor factory girl working in one of the villages near Blackstone, every day, as usual, was given a sealed letter, not to open it until she was 18 years old. The girl was then fifteen. On the 23rd of last month, being her 18th birthday, she opened the letter and found directions for her to obtain a fortune of \$5,000, which she had by the aunt, who has since died. On the Thursday last the fortunate girl obtained the whole amount in cash.

Great credit has been awarded to Gen. Pierce, because he had Atwood's nomination for Governor revoked—a new convention called, and another man nominated and elected. Judge Mason, at the Ratification meeting here, said that that proved his omnipotence with his party in the State. Well, say some, if this were true, how did it happen that he did not make his party repeal the bigoted provisions of the Constitution, which prohibit all persons of the Catholic religion from holding any office in the State?

This question puts the General's eulogists in a tight place.—Richmond Whig.

"He'll go in."—An old farmer passing our office yesterday asked us who the Whigs nominated for President. On being told that it was Gen. Scott, his countenance immediately lighted up and said he, quickly, "he'll go in, there's no doubt of that," so we think, he went into Canada and flogged the British, he went into Mexico and flogged the Mexicans, and he will go into the Presidential chair on the 4th of March next, by an overwhelming majority of the people's votes.—La Parle Co. Whig.

A sensible contemporary says:—The woman ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, it would soon break up the practice. A friend of ours says they might also make a pledge to kiss every man that don't use it—and we go for that too. Ditto us.—Queen City.

BELLS RING BY LIGHTNING.—During a storm in Boston, on Tuesday, each flash of lightning, with which it was accompanied, acted on the wires of the new Fire Alarm, that every bell in the circuit was struck, pealing forth sounds as distinct as when given forth by Samuel Weller married.—It seems that the paternal injunction of the elder Weller, to "Samuel beware of the viders," has not been heeded by the latter.—The following marriage notice occurs in a California paper:

## Tuesday Evening, June 29, 1852.

**COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.**—It appears it is not certain that in case of Gen. Scott's election, General Wool would become the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, as it would depend on the will of the President. A Washington letter says:— "On the death of Major General Brown, the contest was between General Scott and General Gaines—the one senior by brevet and the other by lineal rank, which is precisely the case between General Wool and General Twiggs. Gen. Wool's lineal rank dates from 1841—General Twiggs' from 1846. President Adams appointed Col. Macomb Major General over both Scott and Gaines.

## CONFIRMATION OF THE SIOUX TREATIES.

We learn from the Baltimore Sun, that the United States Senate have followed their action on the treaty with the upper hand of Sioux by ratifying that entered into with the Med-ay-wa-kan-toons and Wah-pay-Kootay bands for the acquisition of the lands now held by them in Iowa and Minnesota. The ratification of these treaties opens for settlement a vast region in the north-west, and one which is regarded by competent judges as unsurpassed in the great desiderata of fertility and salubrity. It embraces large tracts of valuable timber, and an almost unlimited amount of water-power.

**A SPEECH TO THE POINT.**—As brevity is often commended as an essential beauty in eloquence. No one can but acknowledge that the following speech is worthy of commendation, taken from Mansfield's Life of General Scott, denominated his Log speech at Queenstown Heights:—

"At this period the British force was estimated—regulars, militia and Indians—at not less than 13,000, while the Americans were reduced to less than 300. Retreat was as hopeless as success, for there were no boats on the Canada shore, and the militia on the other side refused to give them aid. Scott took his position on the ground they then occupied, resolved to abide the shock and think of surrender only when battle was impossible. He mounted a log in front of his diminished band. The enemy's bullets, said he, begin to thin our ranks. There are here no overhills. In a moment the shock must come, and there is no retreat. We are in the beginning of a national war. The British surrender is to be redeemed. Let us then die arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall and their country's wrongs. Who dare to stand! 'All!' was the answering cry."

**CHOLERA AT PITTSBURGH.**—The Pittsburgh Dispatch notices several cases of cholera in that city and vicinity. Mr. John Robinson, clerk of the steamer Huron, was seized with a relapse a few days ago, but is now recovering. His mother fell a victim to it on Tuesday, after a few hours' illness. Mrs. Hahn, of Tinkerville, was taken ill on Tuesday afternoon, and died the same night. A gentleman named Hartman was also taken ill on Tuesday, but is recovering.

**ESCAPE FROM JAIL.**—Charles Shepherd, confined in the Xenia Jail, for passing counterfeit money, made his escape from the prison on the night of the 16th inst. The next morning the following note was found in the Clerk's office:—

C. Shepherd begs leave to inform the citizens of Xenia that he leaves on this Wednesday evening—for his health—expects to spend the season at some summer watering station.

**THE TORCH-LIGHT** says Shepherd is about 20 years of age, and was raised in Dayton. Though young in years he is old in crime. He seems to be totally depraved and proud of his achievements in villainy. He boasts of having escaped from seven different jails, and this makes the eighth.

The Sheriff offers a reward of fifty dollars for him.

**FOOTE OF THE ALBANY State Register** the Fillmore organ of New York, is a glorious undivided Whig. See with what will he wheels into line. He says:—

"There are vast numbers of Whigs, like ourselves, whose first choice has not been gratified by the selection of the candidate. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. Disappointment to some, is inherent in the very freedom of choice. It has on this occasion fallen to our lot. We submit it to a cheerful philosophy, and swing into line under the leadership of one who has achieved many a proud victory, and with whose name defeat has never been associated.

We have a further incentive to exertion in the coming campaign. The Nationality of the Whig party has been signally vindicated. In the Convention no sectional feeling, no geographical lines decided the Whigs of the South from the Whigs of the North. A fraternalizing spirit prevailed and originated a platform broad as the Union itself. The improvement of the rivers and harbors, the modification of the tariff, the perpetuity of the principle of non-intervention, and the finality of the compromise measures; all these, which they vindicate the policy of the present administration. Upon such a platform all the Whigs will rejoice to stand. From such a platform no policy can emanate which will dim the glory of the past or impede the progress of the future.

We advocate the nomination, therefore, not with a cold acquiescence, but with a warm zeal for its success. To those who originally preferred the nomination of Gen. Scott we say, that his least and most vigorous efforts for his election, you will find as even with the foremost.

**RECEPTION IN CLEVELAND.**—The news of General Scott's nomination spread over this city like lightning. Every throat set forth its shouts—every eye beamed with joy, and every heart beat high with enthusiasm. A hundred gunnors forth their greetings and were echoed by an hundred booms from the gallant old sister city. Bands filled the air with music. Flags streamed from public buildings, houses were illuminated, and every demonstration of joy and enthusiasm were manifested. At dark, Empire Hall was crowded to suffocation, and crowds filled the street. Rockets blazed high in the heavens and bonfires lighted up the city. The Band discoursed elegant music. Ereman the 21st went down, hundreds of Democrats had volunteered under the flag of the ever victorious chief.

The day is ours! Old Chippewa commences his march upon the capital to-day.—Forest City.

A PERSON once sent a note to a waggoner friend for the loss of his nose paper, and received in return his friend's marriage certificate.

How TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES.—It is stated that the peelings of cucumbers, placed in the way of cockroaches for three or four nights in succession, will entirely clear a house of these pests of the house-keeper.

**THE CROPS.**—A number of the farmers in this vicinity have commenced cutting their wheat, which promises an unusually abundant yield. Account from all quarters of the State concur in representing the wheat crop of 1852, equal if not the largest and most promising of any ever yet grown in Ohio. The wheat crop of Stark and Tuscarawas counties, is said to look magnificent. Its most danger is its very luxuriance. The corn crop is spoken of rather disparagingly, however, with good seasonable weather the crop may yet turn out well.

**STEAMBOATS ON SMALLER STREAMS.**—The following curious story is related by the Concordia Intelligencer, to illustrate the accuracy of the river pilots, and the hard work by which they acquire their knowledge of depths and distances:—

"An old pilot on the Arkansas once attracted our attention by pointing out a bed of rock—where we could see nothing. We asked how he had studied the river—Why, sir, I waded from the Post to Fort Gibson, three summers, and I guess I took pains to touch bottom—the distance is near six hundred miles—think of that reader!"

"His soundings were as follows:—ankle-half ankle—half calf—whole calf—half knee—knee—half thigh—thigh—deep water—as deep as he ever waded water for the Trident; she ran from that depth down to a bare sprinkling on the bars; at a greater depth than 'by the depth' the order was usually given, 'dread her ashore!'"

This will do for the upper Arkansas, let me see if it matches for it may not be found in Illinois river.

An editor in passing down the Illinois river says:—In passing down the Illinois river in a little stern wheel boat, called the Agatha, which craft drew about sixteen inches of water, we were much amused at the novelty of the thing when approaching Bardonia, the engine was stopped and a given 'tick back' for the boat to allow a flood of team, that was fording the stream, to pass. It is no uncommon occurrence, we are told now, for the captain of a boat, of a dark night to wade ahead with a lantern in his hand, to point out the channel! This saves the necessity of throwing out the lead, the pilot singing out 'knee deep,' and all is well.

**GEN. PIERCE KNOWS NO EAST, NO WEST, NO SOUTH.**—*Albion Atlas.* Neither does the East, West North or South know Gen. Pierce. The coincidence is truly remarkable!—*Albion Atlas.* Yes, they do. The editor of the Statesman says he was an officer in the war of 1812, when he was eight years of age.—*The Portsmouth Dispatch* says he commanded the American Army after Gen. Pike's death at New York. The *Zenith* of Astoria, Ore. thinks says he commanded the *republic* somewhere at some time. Please save the 'West' out of that, Mr. Whig.—*O. S. Journal.*

**A BLOOMER IN A RAGE.**—We copy the following from an exchange paper:— Harriet Pomeroy gives the editor of the Plymouth Banner a few digs in the broad basket for his impudence. Give it to him, Harriet, until he pants as beautifully as you do, dear.

"I have, sir, with others, stepped beyond the bounds of fashion, that remorseless tyrant who rules more subjects than any ten of earth's mightiest kings—and Oh! what crime it is, in the eyes of some superlative modest folk! Well, sir, is there really anything immodest in a pair of pants and a short dress? If there is, then your sex must be immodest beyond degree. The truths, the immodesty is a transgression, and not in the dress. When a man or woman makes 'gratuitous remarks,' I mark him or her, as the case may be, as possessing a corrupt mind, and an impure imagination. We have adopted the 'Bloomer' because we do not like to carry, from morning till night, suspended from our waist, from two to four pounds of cotton, and half a bolt of calico, which we have to lift every step we take. It is a burden too grievous to be borne.

If, as you say, 'the long dress and full round petticoat is productive of much sickness and death,' why don't you come out and be our champion, and advocate the universal adoption of the 'Bloomer Costume'? Remember, consistency's a jewel! You think 'expenses with rather too much clothing in cold weather.' This only proves that young gentlemen know nothing about the matter. In cold wet weather, I wear under my pants, two pair of drawers, a coat and a pair of pants, which makes me more comfortable than any long dress open at the bottom possibly could. You think also that the fashion might be changed by degrees, without causing any gratuitous remarks. Permit me to say, sir, we think you are at least twenty years behind the times; it has been demonstrated long ago, that to cut a dog's tail off by inch, hurts him worse than to cut it off all at once.

Yours, for the 'Bloomer,' HARRIET POMEROY.

**A CURIOSITY.**—We yesterday saw in the hands of Mr. Purcell, engraver, a portion of a maple tree, forming a log of some three feet in length and about eight feet in the thickest part. It is cut from what has been the crook of the tree, or the junction of some main branch with a stem. Imbedded in this knot, just as firmly as if it were a portion of the natural growth, is an old fashioned wolf-trap, about a foot of the trap protruding. A portion of bone and hair were taken out, leaving a hole similar to that when a fossil is pried out of a rock. The facts indubitably are, that the trap was set many years ago, and that a panther was caught in it, when, having succeeded in breaking and disengaging the chain with which it was fastened, he endeavored to get out, and there died.

The growth of the maple, which is generally very rapid, gradually enveloped the trap, and a portion of the bones of its victim. One side of the log is planed smooth, and the following inscription cut thereon with a knife:—Found, A. D. 1845, by S. K. Ryer, in Woodhouse, Talbot District, C. W., twenty five feet from the ground.

An offer of \$5 was made for it at the Museum, which the owner rejected with indignation, when a gentleman became its purchaser, for what sum we know not. As the inscription indicates, it is brought from Canada West. The date of the animal's lodging in the tree, and consequently, the time required for so thorough an imbedment of the trap in the woody fibre, would be a theme of curious speculation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**QUITE A SCENE** was enacted at the mail boat landing last night between two ladies, who arrived from Cincinnati. Bonnets were demolished, and dresses torn in the excitement that ensued. It appears that one accused the other of inveigling her husband off, a store keeper up town. He had started to New York to buy goods, and she followed as far as Cincinnati, but returned back with the fair one in question.—*Louisville Courier of Thursday.*

The mouth of the Mississippi river is becoming difficult for the passage of large vessels. The ship Winchester, from New Orleans for Liverpool, with the largest cargo of cotton ever taken from that port, was recently detained sixty days, before she succeeded in getting over the bar to proceed on her voyage across the ocean.—*Exchange paper.*

Elect Mr. Pierce, and the 'mouth of the Mississippi' might as well 'shut up.'—*Chicago Journal.*

## Correspondence of the Missouri Republican.

**From the Plains.** *Missouri Republican.* *Prevalence of Cholera—List of Deaths, &c., &c.* *Independence, Saturday, June 12, 1852.* By the politeness of Mr. Josiah Collins, who has just returned from a short distance beyond Ft. Kearny, I am enabled to give the following intelligence, which may prove of some interest to your readers:—

Mr. C. has taken much pains to gather the most valuable information, and that which he has given me (although to some extent painful) is calculated to give much satisfaction to those who have friends or relatives on the plains.

From an account kept at Fort Kearny, from the time the first emigrants passed, until the 29th May, and from that time, according to Mr. Collins' own notes, until his return here, the 11th June—there had gone over the roads from this place and St. Joseph, 16,362 men; 3,242 women; 4,266 children; 5,325 wagons; 6,538 horses; 4,606 mules; 59,392 cattle; 10,523 sheep; from 100 to 150 turkeys; 4 ducks, and 2 Guinea fowls. Besides this number of living beings on the road, it is known that very many more were on the routes North, those leading out from Council Bluffs and old Fort Kearny. No estimate of them will reach you unless it be from Fort Laramie.

The bulk of the emigrants was near and on either side of Fort Kearny—that which passed through from the Southern route, and which more immediately came under the cognizance of our informant, was well fitted out—cattle and wagons generally good. In addition to other matters, I am sorry to add that quite an amount of sickness was found in many of the emigrating parties, which was supposed to be, and no doubt was, cholera. Some companies had buried many of their friends, and as long as Mr. C. was in their neighborhood, there had been no abatement of the disease. I give you below the names of the persons buried—their ages and places of residence, as far as they could be ascertained:—

Fines Bloyd, Arkansas; J. Miller, Hamilton Co., Ohio; H. Dutton, Ohio; P. A. McWilliams, aged 17; Malinda Moore; W. A. Bradley, Pulaski Co., Mo., aged 53; Tera Sperry, Michigan; Joseph Conkleton, Delaware Co., Ohio, aged 24; John G. Brown, Illinois; Amos North, aged 52; W. H. Neville, aged 21; Enoch Griffin, Mo.; Joseph Sloan, Jackson Co., Mo., aged 29; John S. Moore, Tippecanoe Co., Indiana, aged 37; Owen Warren, Chillicothe Co., Mich.; George Blair, Portsmouth, Ohio, aged 20; J. Johnson, Illinois; C. H. Skidmore, Jr., Tenn., aged 18; John Anderson, Ill., and Mary W. Anderson, Randolph Co., Ark.; Jacob Rush, Washington Co., Ark., aged 48; James McWilliams, Washington Co., Ark.; F. Robinson, aged 34; John L. King, Erie Co., Pa.; M. K., Ohio; Samuel C. Martin, Mo., aged 22; Elizabeth Turnbull, aged 29; Maryberry Spawn, aged 51; Annanda M. Robins and her two sisters, Mahala Robins and Bathia F. Barnes, aged 30, 28 and 21, died the same day, May 30; J. C. Canon, Ill.; M. W. Williamson, Mary Thatcher, Knox Co., Ky., age 31; T. Martin, D. Wood, Mrs. C. A. Minor, Laporte, Ind., age 31; D. A. Hill, Ill., Mary A. Daniels, Butler Co., Pa.; Sandy Bernard (child 2 years old); Mabel, Mrs. Wm. Donohue, Niles, Mich.; Amos Moore, Clinton Co., Ohio, aged 33; Maria P. Birch, Erie Co., Pa., age 39; one body buried covered with wounds made with buckshot and knives, five feet 6 inches high, sandy complexion, weighed about 135 pounds, large nose, and forehead receding; one man from Illinois, drowned in Big Blue Creek near Independence.

Besides those thus specified, there were many as from 17 to 20 graves, with no inscriptions, respecting which nothing could be known. The most of these graves were found on the road leading from St. Joseph, only four were to be seen on the part going out from here. Among those who were sick, Mr. Childers and wife, from Jackson County, Mo., were very ill, Mrs. Childers not expected to live.

Whether, when the large body of emigrants go fairly together on the road, they will be able to progress safely, remains to be seen. I am apprehensive the reports that will reach us respecting their passage over the plains will be filled with sad details. An exposure to the bracing atmosphere of the mountains and the salubrity of the high lands beyond Fort Kearny and Laramie, may, and no doubt will remove all causes of sickness and apprehension of suffering. On the road out West towards the barrens, there was still some sickness with no inscriptions, as also that of McManus. Mr. McManus, a lady from the same place, died buried two of his hands, otherwise everything going on right in that direction. Yours, &c., in haste.

**THE INDIAN AND YANKEE.**—The water at Mackinaw is very clear and cold, so cold as to be almost unendurable. A gentleman lately amused himself by throwing a small round coin in 20 feet of water, and giving it to any Indian who would bring it up. Down they plunged, but after descending 10 or 12 feet they came up so chilled that several attempts they gave it up. A Yankee standing by, observed that 'if he would give it to him for getting it, he'd swing it like a quacker than lightning!' to which he consented, when Jonathan, instead of plunging in as was expected, quietly took up a set of scales, and dipped the end of the barometer down the coin and brought it up, and slipped into his pocket and walked off to the amazement of the Indian divers, and the no small chagrin of the donor.